

THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

It was on a crisp morning in the second week of January when the prolonged agony of suspense drove him to the mountain. His mother was sitting up, and was rapidly recovering her strength. His father had gone back to his work in the iron plant, and his uncle was preparing to return to his charge in South Trinidad. With no particular destination in view, it was only natural that his feet should find the familiar path leading up to the great boulder under the cedars. He had not visited the rock of the spring since the summer day when he and Nan Bryerson had taken refuge from the shower in the hollow heart of it, nor had he seen Nan since their parting at the door of her father's cabin under the cliff. Rumor in Gordonia had it that Tike Bryerson had been hunted out by the revenue officers; and, for reasons which he would have found it difficult to declare in words, Tom had been shy about his mountain industry. For this cause an apparition could scarcely have startled him more than did the sight of Nan filling her bucket at the trickling barrel-spring under the cliff face of the great rock. He came on her suddenly at the end of the long climb up the wooded slopes, at a moment when—seemingly without warning—had two full seasons in which to change the natural aspect of things—he was half-bewildered with the unwelcome look of the place. But there was no doubt about it; it was Nan in the dress, the little fuller in the figure, something less than the girl of the past, but with the same fascinating, wild-creature beauty of the child-time promise to dazzle the eye and breed riot in the brain of the boy-man.

"Did you know I was coming? Were you waiting for me, Nan?" he bubbled, gazing into the great black eyes as eagerly as a freed dog plunges into the first pool that offers.

"How could I be plainer to it?" she asked, taking him seriously, or appearing to. "I never knowed school lost out this time 'till now."

"It's let out for me, Nan," he said, meaningly. "I came home—for good—nearly three weeks ago. My mother has been sick. Didn't you hear of it?" She shook her head gravely.

"Say, Nan; I hope you haven't got to hurry home," he interposed, when she stooped to lift the overflowing bucket. "I want to talk to you—to tell you something."

"Air you a man now, Tom-Jeff, or on'y a boy like you used to be?" she asked.

"I'm big enough to be in my own way a good deal of the time. I believe I could muddy Sam Cantrell's back for him now, at arm-holds."

"Where's your preacher's coat, Tom-Jeff? I was allowin' you'd be wearin' it nex' time we met up."

"I reckon there isn't going to be any preacher's coat for me, Nan; that's one of the things I want to tell you about. Let's go over yonder and all down in the sun."

The place he chose for her was a flat stone half embedded in the up-climbing slope beyond the great boulder. She sat facing the path and the spring. Hating, while Tom, stretched luxuriously on a bed of dry leaves at her feet, told her what had befallen; how he had been turned out of Beersheba, and what for; how, all the former things having passed away, he was torn and distracted in the struggle to find a footing in the new order.

"They all up yonder in that school where you was at, ain't got much sense, it looks like to me," was her comment. "You're a man now, Tom-Jeff, and if you want to play cards or drink whisky, what-all business is it of their'n?"

"You stand by your friends, right or wrong, don't you, girl?" he said, in his bluntest self-gratification. "That's what I like in you. You asked me a little while back if I was a man or a boy; I believe you could make a man of me, Nan, if you'd try."

"If you'd said that two year ago," she began, in a half-whisper that melted the marrow in his bones. "But you was on'y a boy then; and now I reckon it's too late."

"You mean that you don't care for me any more, Nan? I know better than that. You'd back me if I had come up here to tell you that I'd killed somebody. Wouldn't you, now?"

He waited overlong for his answer. There were sounds up the pipe, a metallic tapping like the intermittent drumming of a woodpecker mingled with a rustling of some small animal scurrying back and forth over the dead leaves. The girl leaned forward, listening intently. Then three men appeared in the further brook of the spring path, and at the first glimpse of them she slipped from the flat stone to cover behind Tom, trembling, shaking with terror.

"Hide me, Tom-Jeff! Oh, hide me, quick!" she panted. "Looko there!"

He looked and saw the three men walking slowly up the pipe, the which drained the barrel-spring. They were too far away to be recognizable to him, and since they were stopping momentarily to examine the pipe, there was good hope of an escape unseen.

Tom waited breathlessly for the proposition which was the tapping of the pipe-men's hammer above the heart of the noise of a dash for effacement. When it came, he flung himself backward, whipped Nan over his head and out of the line of sight as if she had been feather-light, and rolled swiftly after her. Before she could rise he had picked her up and was dragging her to the climbing path under the lip of the boulder cave.

"Up with you!" he commanded, making a step of his hand. "Give me your foot and then climb to my shoulder—quick! But she drew back.

"Oh, I can't!" she gasped. "I—I'm too scared!"

Jumping to catch the lip of the cavern's mouth, he ascended cat-like, and a moment later he had drawn her up after him.

"I'd like to know what got the matter with you at once," he said, severely, when they were crowded together in the narrow rock cell, and then, without waiting for her answer: "You stay here while I drop down and keep those fellows away from this side of things."

But it was too late. The men were already at the barrel-spring, and in the distinct murmur of voices testified. The

girl had another trembling fit when she heard them, and Tom's wonder was not lessened to contempt or something like it.

"Oh-h-h!" she shuddered. "Do you reckon they saw us, Tom-Jeff?"

"I shouldn't wonder," he whispered back uneasily. "We could see them plain enough."

"How kill me, for shore, Tom-Jeff?" Tom's lip curled. The wolf does not mate with the jackal. Not all her beauty could atone for such spiritless cringing. Love would have pitted her, but passion is not moved by qualities opposite to those which have evoked it.

"Then you know them—or one of them, at least," he said. "Who is he?"

"She would not tell, and since the murmur of voices was still sparsely audible, she begged in dumb-show for silence. Whereupon Tom shut his mouth and did not open it again until the sound of the voices had died away and the fainter tapping of the hammer on the pipe-line advertised the retreat of the inspection party.

"They're gone now," he said, shortly. "Let's get out of here before we stifle."

But a second time all chance intervened. Tom had a leg over the brink and was looking for a soft lead bed to drop into, when the baying of a hound greeted him from the forest quiet of the mountain side. He drew back into hiding.

The girl's acute fit of fear had passed, and she seemed less concerned about the equivocal situation than a girl should be; at least, this is the way Tom thought she was shaping herself. He tried to fascinate Arden in Nan's place, but the thing was sadly unimaginable. A daughter of the Dabneys would never run and cower and beg to be hidden at the possible cost of her good name. And Nan's word did not help matters.

"What makes you so cross to me, Tom-Jeff?" she asked, when he drew back with an impatient exclamation. "I ain't done nothin' to make you let on like you hate me, have I?"

"I don't hate you," said Tom, frowning. "If I did, I shouldn't care." Just then the hound burst out of the laurel thicket, and the girl's face grew pale, running with its nose to the ground, and he added: "That's Japhe Pettigrew's dog; I hope to goodness he isn't anywhere behind it."

But the horse-trailer was behind the dog; so close behind that he came out on the continuation of the pipe-line path while the hound was still nosing among the leaves where Tom had lain sunning himself and telling his tale of woe.

"Good dog—seek him! What is it, old boy?" Pettigrew came up, patted the hound, and sat down on the flat stone to look on curiously while the dog couched back and forth among the dead leaves. "Find him, Caesar; find him, boy!" encouraged Japhe, and finally the hound pointed a sensitive nose toward the rift in the side of the great boulder and yelped conclusively.

"Dye reckon he climb up thar, Caesar?" Pettigrew unfolded his long legs and stood up on the flat stone to attain an eye-level with the interior of the little cavern. Tom crushed Nan into the farthest cranny, and flattened himself lizard-like against the nearer side wall. The horse-trader looked long and hard, and they could hear him still talking to the dog.

"You're an old fool, Caesar—that's about your standard—Satan and Solomon allowed thar wasn't no fool like an old one. But you needn't to swaller that whole, old boy; I've knowed some young ones in my time—sometimes gals, sometimes boys, sometimes both, but thar ain't no 'possum up yonder, Caesar; you've flew the track this time for certain. Come on, old dog; let's be gettin' down the mountain."

The baying dog and the whistling Tom swung Nan lightly to the ground and dropped beside her. No word was spoken until she had emptied and refilled the bucket at the spring, then Tom said, with the bickering tang still on his tongue:

"Say, Nan, I want to know who it is that's going to kill you if he happens to find you talking to me."

She shook her head dependently. "I can't never tell you that, Tom-Jeff."

"I'd like to know why you can't."

"Because he'd shore kill me then."

"Then I'll find out some other way."

"What differ does it make to you?" she asked; and again the dark eyes searched him till he was fain to look away from her.

"I reckon it doesn't make any difference if you don't want to. But one time you were willing enough to tell me your troubles, and—"

"And I'll nev' do it naree 'nother time; never, never. And let me tell you something else, Tom-Jeff Gordon: if you know what's good for you, don't you nev' come again here again. One time we used to be a boy and a girl together; you're nothin' but a boy yet, but I—oh, Tom-Jeff—I'm a woman!"

And with that saying she snatched her bucket and was gone before he could find a word wherewith to match it.

CHAPTER XIII.

The twilight was glooming to dusk when Silas Crafts came out of the church and looked the door behind him. If he were surprised to find Tom waiting for him, he made no sign. Neither was there any word of greeting passed between them when he gathered his coat tails and set down on the higher step, self-restraint being a heritage which had come down undiminished from the Covenant ancestors of both.

"The way of the transgressor is hard, grievously hard, Thomas. I think you are already finding it so, are you not?"

"That doesn't mean what it used to, me, Uncle Silas; nothing means the same any more. It's just as if somebody had hit that part of me with a club; it's all numb and dead. I'm sure of only one thing now: that is, that I'm not going to be a hypocrite after this, if I can help it."

"Have you been that all along, Thomas?"

"I reckon so"—monotonously. "At first it was partly scare, and partly because I knew what mother wanted. But ever since I've been big enough to think, I've been asking why, and, as you would say, doubting."

"You have come to the years of dis-

cretion, Thomas, and you have chosen death rather than life. If you go or as you have begun, you will bring the gray hairs of your father and mother in sorrow to the grave. Leaving your own soul's salvation out of the question, can you go on and drag an upright, honorable name in the dust and mire of degradation?"

"No," said Tom, defiantly. "And what's more, I don't mean to. I don't know what Doctor Tolliver wrote you about me, and it doesn't make any difference now. That's over and done with. You haven't been seeing me every day for these three weeks without knowing that I'm ashamed of it."

"Ashamed of the consequences, you mean, Thomas. You are not repentant."

"Yes, I am, Uncle Silas; though maybe not in your way. I don't allow to make a fool of myself again."

"Tom, my boy, if any one had told me a year ago that a short twelve-month would make you, not only an apostate to the faith, but a shameless liar, as well as a scoundrel, I should have laughed at you."

"Hold on, Uncle Silas. That's mighty near a fighting word, even between blood kin. When have you ever caught me in a lie?"

"Now!" thundered the accusing voice. "This moment! You have been giving me to understand that your sinful rebellion at Beersheba was the worst that could be charged against you. Here, at your own home, when your mother had just been spared to you by the mercies of the God whose commandments you set at naught, you have been wallowing in sin—in crime—if I can sit here and talk that from you, it's because it isn't so."

"Wretched boy! Out of your own mouth you shall be convicted. Where were you on Wednesday morning?"

"I was at home most of the time; between 10 o'clock and noon I was on the mountain."

"There were three of you: a hardened, degraded boy, a woman no less wicked and abandoned, and the devil who tempted you."

"It's a lie! I just happened to meet Nan Bryerson at the spring under the big rock. I don't have to defend myself. If you can believe I'm that low-down, you're welcome to!" Then, abruptly: "I reckon we'd better be going on home; they'll be waiting dinner for us at the house."

He got on his feet with that, but the accuser was still confronting him, with the dark eyes glowing and a montory finger pointed to detain him.

"Not yet, Thomas Gordon; there is a duty laid on me. I had hoped and prayed that I might find you repentant; you are not repentant. Your father has a letter from Doctor Tolliver; the doors of Beersheba are open to you again. I had hoped—" The pause was not for effect. It was merely that the man and the kinsman in Silas Crafts had throttled the righteous judge. "It breaks my heart, Thomas, but I must say it. You have put it out of your power to say with the Psalmist, 'I will wash mine hands in innocency.' So will I compass this altar, O Lord. You must give up all thoughts of going back to Beersheba."

"Don't trouble yourself," said Tom, with more bravado. "I wouldn't go back there if it was the only place on earth." Then suddenly: "Who was it that told me, Uncle Silas?"

"Never mind about that. It was one who could have no object in mistaking the fact—which you have not denied. Let us go home."

(To be continued.)

STANDARD OF LIVING.

Higher in the United States Than in European Countries.

Half the families of the country live in their own homes. No great European nation approaches this proportion except France. A small part of northern Italy has peasant proprietors; Ireland may have them under the land act. The tenements of New York compare favorably with Liverpool's or Berlin's, with their large percentage of one and two room homes, the New York World says.

Our savings bank deposits per inhabitant are surpassed by those of Norway, Denmark and Switzerland, but this test is almost valueless. We have perhaps one-tenth as many paupers in proportion as Great Britain. In New York public charity is a big item. In the budget of Berlin it is a big one. Where paupers are plenty living standards are low.

Americans in cities are better dressed to the eye than people abroad, though the tariff on woollens deprives many of warm underclothing. Yet Robert Blair, education officer for London, says: "Of the 700,000 children in London schools, approximately 60,000 appear to be necessitous in the winter season." There is no such proportion here. For education we spend much more than other nations—whether with better results than Germany or Switzerland is disputed.

There remains the most vital consideration—diet. A rice insufficiently fed declines in size and vigor. Mulhall gives these estimates of annual meat consumption in pounds per individual:

United States	125	Norway	67
England	100	Austria	64
France	74	Spain	49
Germany	69	Russia	48
Belgium	68	Italy	28
Holland	61		

The diet of Massachusetts operatives' families is here compared with the Volt minimum standard, and with the diet of Neapolitan factory hands as given by Manfredi:

	Vol. Min. Naples.	Mass.
Albumen (grams)	115	70-100-120
Fats	55	40-60-80
Carbohydrates	500	350-400-700

But the Massachusetts and Naples figures are old, the Volt standard takes no account of climate or of the size of individuals, and Mulhall's estimates are only approximate. The diet of the people has undoubtedly been lowered of late in disease-resisting and energy-producing value by high prices of food, especially meat.

We are better fed still than European peoples. Anything like permanent decline in the nation's diet would mean decreased efficiency—a calamity so appalling that statesmanship has no duty comparable with that of averting it by reform in methods of distribution and by relieving poverty, at the cost of wealth, of the heavy taxation it bears.

Not Comforting.

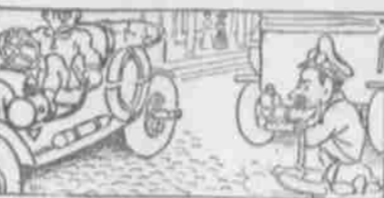
"Did the minister say anything comforting?" asked the neighbor of the widow recently bereaved.

"Indeed, he didn't!" was the quick reply. "He said my husband was better off."—London Telegraph.

There lives not a man on earth who has not in him the power to do good.—E. B. Lytton.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Sorrowful Face Due to Other Troubles



NEW YORK.—A small, quiet, but sorrowful man sat by the side of a medium-sized automobile that was drawn out of the road as a large touring car came along, driven by a man with an interrogatory aspect. The man in the touring car had seen that auto every time he passed that day, so he slowed up and leaned over:

"How long have you been here?"

"Several hours."

"Can't you find out what the matter is?"

"Yes."

"Inlet valve all right?"

"Yes."

"Trouble with spark plug?"

"Think not."

"How are your batteries?"

"O. K."

"Haven't got a short circuit, have you?"

"Oh, no."

"How's your commutator?"

"Great."

How a Bride's Roses Led Her to Tears



KANSAS CITY, MO.—When Willie Boy got married he bought his wife flowers, of course. And after the wedding Mr. Willie Boy naturally decided to preserve the flowers to look at for all time by picking them in alcohol. That was all right—it didn't cost much, just \$2 or \$3—but there was a 700-mile trip before Mr. and Mrs. Willie Boy got home.

At first they decided they'd pack the treasure in the brass jardiniere "Art" sent and bring it home in the bottom of one of the trunks. Then Edmaline—that's her first name—remembered that among other things it might explode and ruin her perfectly good rose-colored dress that "Doc" went crazy over before she was married, and that there was a 25-inch willow plane in the same trunk, not to speak of a few more hats, a lavender gown, a few more hats, a couple of hundred dollars or so, some more clothes. So the natural consequence came. Willie Boy carried the remains.

"Perhaps your worm gear is clogged."

"No; all clear."

"Got any gasoline in your tank?"

"Plenty."

"How about your circulation? Cytin der isn't bound, is it?"

"No, sir."

"Tires seem all right?"

"Never better."

"Well, maybe your vibrator isn't adjusted."

"That's all right."

"Have you looked at your carburetor?"

"Yes."

"How about the cam shaft?"

"Grand."

"Have you tightened your connecting rods, examined your clutches and gone over the differentials?"

"Yes, yes."

"The rest in the touring car passed a house, and then, looking at the stranger by the roadside, said at last: "What's the matter with that machine of yours?"

"There isn't anything the matter with this machine; but since noon my wife has been in that house over there kissing her sister's first baby good-by. When she gets through, if you are not more than a thousand miles away and will leave our address, I will telegraph or cable the glad news."

The Pullman was hot and Willie Boy thought of the explosion. No use leaving the jar out on the vestibule. It might break there. He wanted to stay in the Pullman, but he couldn't. He had to stay outside and hold the pickled roses. Night came and Willie Boy was sleepy. He went to bed, but he didn't sleep; he was too busy hanging the roses out of the window to keep the alcohol cool.

Kansas City came, and then home; Edmaline walked into the house and Willie Boy followed with the pickled once-roses.

"What'll we do with 'em?" he asked.

"Why, put them in the attic, of course," Edmaline answered.

Willie Boy hadn't been married very long and he wasn't independent. Still there surged into his face the blood of battle and his voice spluttered as he spoke.

"A-act! he asked. "Will we? We won't. I carried those things 700 miles, and if they're worth carrying that far they're worth looking at, even if I don't think they amount to much. Attic! nothing. Mantel, that's where they're going, understand—mantel. Hear me?"

And that's the reason Edmaline cried the first day she had got to her new home.

Mosquito Gets Credit for a Runaway



NEW YORK.—A mosquito which apparently was a cross of the famous or notorious families of Jersey well-borers and Staten Island rock-drillers, saw George Gordon's nose, buzzed a little song about "Oh, for a pasture new!" and swooped down upon the nose. The nose and George were at that moment behind a horse that George was driving.

Now, Gordon had had all he could do to manage that skittish steed before the advent of the insect. When he felt the first jab of the skeeter's surgical scissors George started to knock the skeeter off his nasal territory. But he restrained his hand, for in that instant he remembered that he needed both hands to handle the fractious horse.

And there was George in a dilemma equal to that ancient one that concerned a devil and a deep sea. If he didn't knock that mosquito off his nose he'd lose his life blood, but if he took a hand from the reins to deliver

that knockout swing away would go his bad-tempered horse!

Gordon shook his head violently and blew his breath toward the mosquito to dislodge it, but all to no purpose. The insect held on and just bored and bored. Gordon gritted his teeth and remembered the story he had read in school about the Spartan. But what was a mere fox gnawing at a boy's vitals to a real, war-size Jersey mosquito sinking an artesian well in a man's nose!

George could stand it no longer. Up went one hand in a savage sweep. It missed the mosquito. Forgetting all except his desire for vengeance, George swung with the other hand. And as the skeeter buzzed "Ha, ha!" the horse, freed from control, bolted. Perhaps the wind created by the speed blew the mosquito off Gordon's nose. At any rate the pest vanished. Just as Gordon grabbed the reins and started to saw on the bit a wheel struck a stone and out he shot. He landed bruised and stunned at the side of the road.

Dr. Frederick T. Witte, who was passing in his auto, got out, revived Gordon and took him home in his machine. When they arrived at the Gordon domicile, lo! there was the runaway horse standing quietly at the stable door.

Eat Muskrat, Maybe; Farm in Chicago



CHICAGO.—"Loins of Chicago Grown Muskrat with Bullrush Sauce." Bills of fare in Chicago restaurants will carry the foregoing item as a "special, fresh today" entree if the plans of three pioneer "muskrat farmers" culminate in success.

The first muskrat farm has been started. Its products are to be food and fur. Its market will be Chicago, as a beginning at least, but success may broaden its scope. Mark Gelder, liquor merchant, 1732 South State street, Jack Eck, painter, 348 Twenty-sixth street, and John Horan, Willow Springs, are the proprietors of the farm. Its location is in the "Sag" in the towns of Worth and Palos, 20 miles southwest of Chicago. It comprises 190 acres, is more than a mile long and consists of the fairest stretch of swamps and shallow, little lakes to be found in this section of the country. It already has a large muskrat population.

The birth of the farm came when Gelder signed a lease for the land with Mrs. Catherine Rawlings, its owner, for a term of 15 years, starting on April 15, at a rental of \$300 a year in advance.

The farm may figure as a worthy champion in the fight against the high cost of living. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson recently recommended the meat of muskrats as a food. He

emphasized its cheapness and its good qualities, including flavor and nutritious value. The farm may enable many people to follow his advice.

The three owners will be the only trappers on the land. They will prevent poaching and will guard the rats carefully that they may multiply as rapidly as possible. In the fall they will trap, and after the pelts of the victims have been cured and sold the meat will be taken to the market.

"Our first idea was just to trap for the furs," said Gelder. "But knowing muskrats were good to eat, we decided to investigate conditions and try to promote muskrats as a popular article of diet. We have strong hopes of success, for a trial will convince people that the meat of the muskrat is good."

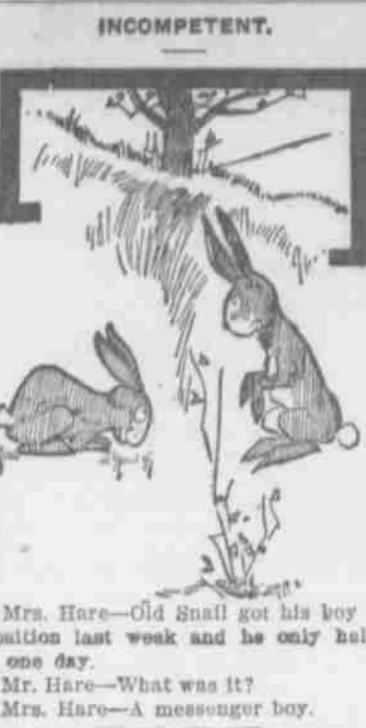
The farm will be used also by members of the Sag Gun club of Worth, Ill., as a hunting and fishing preserve. The swamps embraced in the farm are noted for duck hunting and fishing and have been a popular rendezvous for sportsmen of the neighborhood and of Chicago, but their pleasure has ended with the conception of the muskrat farm.

Last Call.

"I shall never enter your office again for the purpose of trying to collect this bill," declared the weary collector as he turned to go.

"Oh, thank you, my friend!" exclaimed Sloppy, joyfully.

"You needn't thank me," curiously rejoined the collector. "Hereafter I shall stand on the sidewalk in front of your home and call your attention to that of your neighbors to the bill through a megaphone."



BOY TORTURED BY ECZEMA

"When my boy was six years old, he suffered terribly with eczema. He could neither sit still nor lie quietly in bed, for the itching was dreadful. He would irritate spots by scratching with his nails and that only made them worse. A doctor treated him and we tried almost everything, but the eczema seemed to spread. It started in a small place on the lower extremities and spread for two years until it very nearly covered the back part of his leg to the knee."

"Finally I got Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills and gave them according to directions. I used them in the morning and that evening, before I put my boy to bed, I used them again and the improvement even in those few hours was surprising. The inflammation seemed to be so much less. I used two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, the same of the Pills and the Soap and my boy was cured. My son is now in his seventh year and he has never had a return of the eczema."

"I took care of a friend's child that had eczema on its face and limbs and I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They acted on the child just as they did on my son and it has never returned. I would recommend the Cuticura Remedies to anyone. Mrs. A. J. Cochran, 1523 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 20, 1909."

Up to Date Milking Scene.

"What's going on around here?" asked the surprised visitor. "Is this a hospital?"

"Oh, no," answered the tall man in the silk hat; "this is the stage setting for a New England farm drama. The next act will be the milking scene."

"But I thought the young lady in the antiseptic apron was a trained nurse?"

"Oh, no; she is the milkmaid. The young man in the rubber gloves that you thought was a doctor is the farm boy. As soon as they bring in the sterilized stool and the pasteurized pails and find the cow's tooth brush the milking scene will begin."

Your Wife's Picture.

A man ought to be ashamed to live so that his wife is compelled to look as she does at housecleaning time. He'll allow her to buy cheap old yellow soap right along and take twice as long for her housework and washing, when Easy Task soap will save time, health and money for her. A man wouldn't tolerate old-fashioned methods in his place of business for a minute. If your wife would use Easy Task soap all the time there wouldn't be a tenth of the dirt to get rid of at housecleaning time.

Dangerous Job.

Kind Lady—Here is a rhubarb pie, my poor man. How did you get that wound on your arm?

Tired Tim—I was a lookout, mum.

Kind Lady—Ah, a lookout on a steamer and there was a collision?

Tired Tim—No, mum, a lookout for a second-story man an' de watchman winged me, mum.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Few of us use to the full the resources of happiness that are available. Happiness depends upon the treatment of what we have, and not of what we have not.—E. J. Hardy.

Penalized for Holding.

Maud—Do you believe in palmistry?

Ethel—in a way. I've known it to work splendid as a starter when the young man was shy.

IF YOU USE RAIL BLUE.

Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Girls don't take much interest in pugilism, but they will continue to train for the engagement ring.

Remedies are Needed

Were we perfect, which we are not, medicines would not often be needed. But since our systems have become weakened, impaired and broken down through indiscretions which have gone on from the early ages, through countless generations, remedies are needed to aid Nature in correcting our inherited and other acquired weaknesses. To reach the seat of stomach weakness and consequent digestive troubles, there is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a glyceric compound, extracted from native medicinal roots—sold for over forty years with great satisfaction to all users. For Weak Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Pains in the Stomach after eating, Chronic Diarrhea and other intestinal Derangements, the "Discovery" is a time-proven and most efficient remedy.

The genuine has on its outside wrapper the Signature

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little higher profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

TUMOR OF YEARS GROWTH

Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Holly Springs, Miss.—"Words are inadequate for me to express what your wonderful medicines have done for me. The doctors said I had a tumor, and I had an operation, but was soon as bad again. I wrote to you for advice, and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as you told me to do. I am glad to say that now I look as well as my friends keep asking me what has helped me so much, and I gladly recommend your Vegetable Compound."

—Mrs. WILLIE EDWARDS, Holly Springs, Miss.

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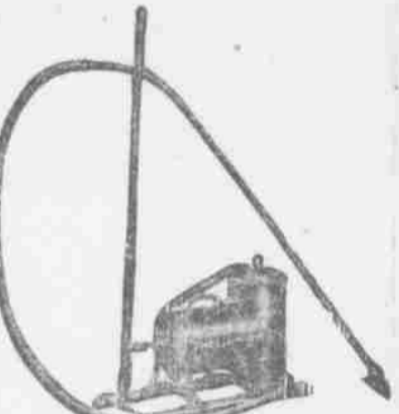
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